

The Athens Post.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1854.

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TERMS:
THE POST is published every Friday at \$2 per year, payable in advance, or \$3, if payment is delayed until the expiration of the year.
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Office on Main street, next door to the old Jackson Hotel.

THE POST.

Athens, Friday, May 26, 1854.

NEW ORLEANS, May 11.
The steam ship Texas came up last night, bringing dates from Mexico that I mentioned yesterday. The reports from Alvarez and Santa Anna, and their operations in the South, are vague and unsatisfactory. A short time before the Texas left Vera Cruz, a rumor was received that Santa Anna had met the rebels, and in a bloody battle defeated them. There is no disputing the probability that if an encounter took place, it was very bloody. As an instance of the sanguinary nature of their engagements, Santa Anna's whole army, and nearly the whole of Alvarez's, fought with great desperation nearly half a day, and after making an indefinite number of furious charges upon each other, three men were killed and one wounded. The ferocity of Mexican soldiers is proverbial, and it is not strange that great courage should attend all their hostile encounters. Taking into consideration the inconsistency of the various rumors, I am of the opinion that His Serene Highness is in rather an unpleasant predicament, and it would not be at all surprising if a Provisional Government were established. An earthquake of great violence had occurred in Vera Cruz and Jalapa, but not much damage was done, though it lasted for fifty seconds. Gen. Nicholas Bravo, a man prominent in Mexico's struggle to throw off the Spanish yoke, died on the 22d ult., and it is a singular and melancholy coincidence, that his wife died only about three hours before him. Several more revolutionary outbreaks have taken place in different parts of the country, and at the same time the Government papers are filled with accounts of acts of loyalty and devotion to Santa Anna.

BALTIMORE, May 14.
The Anti Nebraska meeting in the Park at New York on Saturday afternoon was numerously attended.

Mark Spencer was President, assisted by prominent members of both parties. Many speeches were made, and strong resolutions adopted sustaining the course of the Anti-Nebraska representatives in Congress.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Express says:

Mr. Seward's plan for the seizure of Cuba is condemned by the Richmond Examiner, a leading Democratic journal. The paper also expresses its desire that the President would change his cabinet. But it is too late for the present executive to redeem himself. The Examiner believes that with a better cabinet he could rally the Democracy again to his support. This will sound like an absurdity to all who are aware of the extraordinary deficiency in Gen. Pierce, of those high moral and mental qualities which can alone command for their possessor the confidence and respect of a free and intelligent people.

It makes no difference whether glass is used over or under your nose. If the former, the person can see and go straight ahead—if the latter, the head is rather apt to go where it can't see at all. A glass before the eyes is apt to make a man a philosopher—one before the mouth will most likely make him a fool. The eye raises one to new heights of glory and things—that longitudinal aperture just under the smeller, sinks cordarion to new depths. Will young gentlemen with weak eye sight and strong spiritual appetites, please chalk it down in their biggest album?

The express train which left Troy, N. Y., at forty minutes past eight o'clock on Saturday, when near Bath station, overtook and ran into the eight and thirty minutes Greenbush train from Troy. The express locomotive went half way through the passenger car of the other train, smashing the car, and more or less injuring every one of the passengers. None were killed, but some were terribly mangled, and a few, it is thought, cannot survive. Among the badly injured, is the conductor of the Greenbush train, and Judge Hunt, of Troy, and his two daughters.

Health is the working man's fortune, and he ought to watch over it more than the capitalist over his largest investments. Health lightens the efforts of body and mind. It enables a man to crowd much work into a narrow space. Without it man is unfitted for the labors, responsibilities, and enjoyments of life.

The Boston Five Cent Savings Bank has been in operation only ten days, and has 1810 deposits, and \$12,355.45 on deposit. The deposits vary from five cents to seven hundred dollars.

John A. Sutter, a California pioneer, who was once worth his millions, is now in reduced circumstances, and has been obliged to mortgage his farm.

THE NEBRASKA BILL.
The N. Y. Courier indulges the following remarks in relation to that measure now before Congress, which has revived the agitation and excitement upon the subject of Slavery, which it was thought the compromise of 1850 had happily allayed. There are two or three objectionable sentences in it, but upon the whole, it is as sensible an article as we have met with on the subject since the re-opening of the question.

Four years ago Daniel Webster made his immortal plea for the Union. In the autumnal wisdom of his ripened years he stood in the thronged Senate chamber, and in deep measured tones, charged with the sense of an awful responsibility, he spoke for peace and concord. It was a crisis in the history of the country. Ambition, pride, selfishness, jealousy, passion, hate, fanaticism, in short, every feeling that can excite and incense, had been aroused to a most terrible energy. The bravest patriots in the land feared. The master spirit of the south had three days before risen from his sick bed to declare, in effect, that the knell of the Union had already sounded. But Webster made answer, and the answer he made smote upon the public heart and recalled the nation to its duty. Difficulties were compromised, agitation calmed down, sedition hid itself from the eyes of men. To those days, when the imprisoned winds were let loose, when to use the language of the great statesman himself, "the east, the north, and the stormy south, are all combined to make the whole ocean toss its billows to the skies and disclose its profound depths"—to those days succeeded a halcyon time such as filled the whole land with rejoicing.

Webster is dead, whose eloquence ruled the storm has gone forever. But the grass has hardly grown over his tomb, before another storm is conjured up by the powers of mischief. It is every day gathering strength, and there is no living man who can set bounds to its final magnitude or its ultimate consequences. We do not like to acknowledge its existence, but the eye must be blind that does not see it, and ear deaf that does not hear it. We find without allow it to be dangerous; but the history of the past—the memory of the extreme difficulty with which the tempests of 1850 and that of 1850 were laid—fords us to look unconcerned upon the rising commotion. There are reasons which cause us to fear that this new excitement will not be easily controlled—perhaps less easily than that of 1850. The Nebraska bill has far fewer friends at the North to rally about than that of the fugitive slave law. The pulpits, which exercise so strong an influence upon the northern mind, and which in 1850 did such good service to the cause, take from all compromise without an exception opposed to this bill; and so is the religious press. This is an indication of vast significance, for after all, whatever be the combinations or the wiles of politicians, it is the sober thoughtfulness of the religious element that more than any other gives public opinion its real direction.

Another ground of anxiety is that there are not now, as in 1850, any men of transcendent power and influence. There is not an individual in the whole country who has any important power over the minds or the hearts of the people; and in the popular storm now threatening, taken from all compromise without an exception, the Nebraska bill has far fewer friends at the North to rally about than that of the fugitive slave law. The pulpits, which exercise so strong an influence upon the northern mind, and which in 1850 did such good service to the cause, take from all compromise without an exception opposed to this bill; and so is the religious press. This is an indication of vast significance, for after all, whatever be the combinations or the wiles of politicians, it is the sober thoughtfulness of the religious element that more than any other gives public opinion its real direction.

The Paris Monitor publishes the details of the passage of the Danube by the Russians, which fully confirms the report given by Omar Pasha, namely, that the Russian flotilla and transports enabled them to cross at three points, simultaneously, when the Russians immediately attacked the Turkish fortifications. In one of the Russian regiments every man was killed. Two battalions next engaged, and were nearly destroyed, and it was necessary to send fifteen battalions to carry the intrenchments. The Turks held their position for 48 hours under the fire of the Russian gun boats, 25 heavy guns, and two mortars from the opposite bank. The Turks having fired their last cartridge, evacuated the place, carrying with them their guns, and falling back in good order on Caraz.

A RAILROAD ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA.
The Albany Evening Journal says, that Allan Campbell, Esq., who surveyed and superintended the construction of several railroads in South America has been engaged to make a reconnaissance of a projected route from Mendoza, on the Eastern base of the Andes, to Montevideo, on the Atlantic. The distance is about 600 miles, and with the roads already built west of the Andes, will create a railroad communication across the South American continent, broken only by that chain of mountains. He has commenced the survey.

The N. Y. Herald of Tuesday says: The private letters by the Atlantic were not delivered in time for their addressees to exercise a material influence on the markets, and no sales of sufficient magnitude were made in breadstuffs after the news came to hand to test its influence, if any. Common brands of State flour closed heavy at \$8.25 a \$8.50—Saturday's quotations. A lot of Southern white wheat, for milling, sold at \$2.15. Indian corn of all kinds, except good Southern yellow, was lower, and ranged from 60c. to 70c. Cotton with fair sales, closed heavy. The sales for the past week amounted to 11,404 bales.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Live temperately—go to church—attend to your affairs—love all the pretty girls, marry one of them—live like a man, and die like a Christian.

Good-nature, like a bee, collects honey from every herb. Ill-nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flower.

TALL CORN.
The N. Y. "Courier and Enquirer" tells the following story. It is decidedly humorous, and may be true—

We grow "tall corn" in America. The world is beginning to find it out. Every year brings the fact more and more home to the perspective and digestive faculties of all civilized human beings. Like all great truths, it did not gain credit at once. True everybody sees it here with his own eyes, but not so on the other side of the water. The first accounts of the productiveness of our Western prairies were read by our Buckinghamshire farmers with about as much respect as the fish stories of the Sailor Sinbad. It took even the highest dignitaries of the land a long while to get fairly up to a level with the actual fact. Even at this day there is an ear of corn in the British Museum which enjoys a very "distinguished consideration" as a curiosity. It divides attention, we do not say equally, but certainly fairly, with the Nineveh Bull and the great Kohinoor. It is a perfect marvel to our good cousin John Bull; and yet it has but a simple history, and it is not so very extraordinary a feat of corn after all. It reached its present distinction something in this wise.

In the month of January, 1847, at a certain dinner party in London, at which Lord John Russell, Lord Morpeth and many other distinguished men were present, the conversation turned upon the Irish famine, and the remark was made by Lord John, that he rejoiced that so good a substitute for the native breadstuff had been found as Indian corn.—Turning to Mr. Bates, the American partner in the house of Haring Brothers, his lordship went on to say, "Why, Bates, some of the cobs have twelve or fourteen rows of grain on them." Mr. Bates coolly replied, "Yes, my lord, I have seen from twenty to twenty-four rows on a cob." "That is a rare Yankee-ism," was the pleasant retort of the Premier, and the whole company shouted in approval. The burst of incredulous merriment over, Mr. Bates bought his peace by a wager of a dinner for the company all round that he could produce such an ear.

"Done," exclaimed Lord John, and the bet was clinched. The dinner passed off, Mr. Bates returned home, but not entirely at ease. He had done a strange thing; for the first time in his life he had made an engagement he was not absolutely certain of his ability to fulfill. He had misgivings that he had really pledged the honor of his country. It had been long since he had looked upon an American ear of corn, and he was now to produce one. He had, however, patiently he winnowed the cornucopia of his memory, he found that the cobs of his early days had gone glimmering, through the lapse of time, among the things that were, and were now so far off that he could not count the rows. He was, as it were, *reluctant ad instans* in Yankee parlance, "hard up." But Fortune favors the brave. It happened that a friend of ours dropped in the next day at the counting-house of the Harings, Mr. Bates, with brightening face, hailed him, and made known his difficulty. "You are safe," was the response; "I live to get him such an ear, that will even a bigger ear than you have promised."

Our friend G— soon returned, and straightway wrote to Messrs. Rogers & Reynolds, of Lafayette, Ind., telling the story, and begging them, for the honor of their country, to come to the rescue, and take the tables on Lord John, showing them what Yankees could do. In the July following Mr. G— received by express from Lafayette a nicely arranged box containing six ears of horse-tooth corn, two of which had twenty-nine rows, two thirty-one, and two thirty-two. The box was forthwith addressed to Mr. Bates, Esq., care of Messrs. Haring, Bro. & Co., ship by Black Ball Line, care of the Liverpool House. It reached its destination, and Lord John Russell, first Lord of the Treasury, third son of the late Duke of Bedford by the second daughter of George Viscount Torrington, and lineal descendant of Lord William Russell, the martyr of 1688, "acknowledged the corn." The dinner was given. Joshua Bates did not perpetrate a "Yankee-ism," and the British Museum holds the trophy. *Vive la République!*

THE HORRORS OF THE GUANO TRADE.
The New Orleans Picayune has the following upon guano:

"We have received full confirmation of the horrors reported to be in course of preparation, in connection with the guano trade at the Chinese Islands. It is picked up and wheeled to the shore, it appears, by contract. The contractor has imported Chinamen for this work, nearly six hundred of whom are now in these islands. They are hired for five years at the rate of \$48 per annum. They commence work in the morning as soon as they can see how to work. They have five tons of guano to dig, and wheel to a distance of over one eighth of a mile. It is all or nearly all, so hard that it has to be picked up, and if they do not accomplish the five tons by five o'clock, P. M., they are flogged with raw hide whips, some five feet long, receiving one dozen stripes, each of which start the blood; then they are driven back to finish their work. The task has a very bad effect upon them, swelling their legs, and arms, and giving them bad sores on their legs, feet, and hands. Notwithstanding all these horrors, if they can get along, they are compelled to finish their task. Our informant says, he has known as many as thirty flogged in one day. They have no Sunday allowed with the exception of one in a year, the same work going on upon the Sabbath as during the rest of the week. The consequence of this ill treatment is suicide in various forms, such as leaping from the rocks one hundred feet high, cutting their throats and burying themselves alive. This has happened but the casual to my knowledge. One morning, three were found dead and one buried themselves; two were dead and one alive. The last recovered to prolong his miserable existence for a short time. It is time the voice of civilization throughout the world was heard in denunciation of such horrors as these.

CITY OF ST. DOMINGO, April 28, 1854.
Important from St. Domingo.—News has been received here that can be relied on, that Emperor Souleque has now ready forty thousand men to march into this Dominican republic, to exterminate the whites and mulattoes. The Dominicans are making active preparations to receive him; but unfortunately it is discovered that the balls purchased for their vessels of war are too large for the guns; besides, they have neither seamen nor commanders; but this makes no difference—all these people care about in fighting is to get near enough to crack the Haytiens over the heads and on their shins, and they are always victorious.

The attempt to force men to be virtuous often drives them to vice.

SOCIETY AND POLITICS AT WASHINGTON.

The New York Herald has a spy correspondent at Washington, writing under the above caption. We copy one of his articles below:

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 21, 1854.

To the Editor of the Herald.
Consider the wheels of the federal government as having stopped from this moment. I am going, and to-morrow morning, at 6 o'clock, I shall be gone. I have hardly a moment left to write you a letter announcing my departure. I will narrate briefly the important causes that have led me to take so important a step.

I had retired to bed about ten o'clock, and had been asleep for nearly, if not over, two hours, when I was aroused from my slumbers by a starting rap at my door. I was repeated again and again, "I have secured a Colt's pistol, which was pressed on me some time ago by Col. Dickinson, who I wished to secure my aid in getting the Patent Bill renewed by Congress. I have the pistol, and am going to use it." "Who is there?" "Me," said one voice. "Me," replied another voice.

"That's two voices; and if you don't tell your names, I will fire through the panels of the door as sure as my name is Sam Green." "Murder! Hold on. Don't. It's me—Pierce and Forney," said a voice. "It's us," said voice No. 2. "At once opened the door, let the parties in, and fired up a speech with a lucifer—" "What the deuce is out now?" "Oh Sam," said the President, "we have saved—no use trying any more." And he took a seat.

"It's precisely and exactly so," said Forney. "Tell Sam what it is," he continued. "Sam," said the President, "I'll come down as the coon said to Captain Scott, 'Don't fire any more. Will you save me, Forney and the country?'" "Yes, Sam. The President has spoke it out. Are you willing to save us and our beloved country?" asked Forney.

"Upon my word, Mr. President, the hour is midnight; this visit is unexpected; but wait until I get on my pants, and then I can talk to you freely. Shirt-tail conversations with Presidents ain't agreeable to my feelings." "Certainly; put on the unmentionables," said the President. "Don't mention 'em," said Forney. "Lighted another candle, dressed myself, took out my pistols, to see if they were still, unusually winny, and then observed, 'Now, Mr. President, let me know what I can do more for you.'"

"One would think you had done quite enough, Sam," said the President. "Quite enough," said Forney. "I do not think for you, Mr. President," was my dignified reply to what I regarded as a slight Pierce sarcasm. "Sam, you must go away; you can save me and the administration; Forney and me are perfectly agreed about it. I want you to leave on important business for the government, and Forney has consented that you shall go on a foreign mission."

"That's the talk," said Forney. "To France?" I asked. "Oh, no; that place is kept in reserve for Mr. Bennett, whenever we can coax that old crab, Rancy, into the nomination." "Forney directed his eyes to me myself." "When do you want me to go?" I asked. "Well, Sam, we are in a fix. Nebraska is all smashed and gone to the Old Scratch. The Black Warrior and Cuba matters have puzzled, and we didn't get cutting shot. The patent and railroad land scheme for plunder are laid high on the shelf in Congress, and our Golden Rule has completed our present catalogue of miserable failures. The Cabinet is disgruntled, and only Forney and myself are a unit. Mary is jealous of Cushing, and Caleb despises Mary; Jeff Davis don't care a damn for either nor me, and now, Sam, you must go away to Mexico. You can tell Santa Anna how I now lie in the situation, and when you leave Mexico, you can go to Cuba, and have a talk with Piquel. Then you may come back here; and meanwhile I won't move a peg until you have looked up a settlement in Mexico and Cuba," observed the President, while tears of anxiety were rolling down his cheek.

"The President has expressed my ideas as well as I could have done them myself." Forney, using his pocket handkerchief freely. "I cried, too—I couldn't help it—to see these poor fellows in such a fix. What could I do? I agreed to go. 'But about my instructions?'" "Oh, I'll write 'em—no Mr. Ward this time, Sam; honor bright," said the President. "Honor bright, always," said the faithful Forney.

"And when am I to start?" "To-night, if you can," said the President. "Exactly, to-night," chimed in Forney. "Oh, no, Mr. President, I must drop a note to Mr. Bennett; I can't leave without writing a line." "Well, then, make it short," said the President. "Very short," said Forney. "I am agreed," said I. "And when am I to finger the outfit?" "I'll arrange that, with my instructions, to-morrow afternoon," said the President. "To-morrow afternoon," said the President. "But there is another little job I want you to do, at the same time," said the President. "Yes," said Forney, with a deep sigh, and thrusting his two hands to the very bottom of his pocket—"another very important little job."

"What is that?" said I, as I was brushing up my hair. "Did you ever hear of the famous Morgan and the anti-Masons?" said the President. "Yes," said Forney, "did you ever hear of Morgan, who was abducted, or disappeared entirely, one fine evening?" "Thurloe Weed, of New York, knows all about that business, and how to shave off a man's whiskers, too." "I guess I have heard of that coon," said I. "I had an uncle, old Lemuel Green, who knew a man who kissed a woman who lived at Oak Orchard creek, and who made the latter to shave Morgan."

"Because," said the President, in a deep whisper, "they are going to impeach poor Forney, and kick up the very devil with our folks." "Yes," said Forney; "they are going to make a motion to impeach poor me before the House." "You don't say so?" said I. "That hard fellow, Wheeler, has got all the evidence in his breeches pocket, and Tom Benton is going to fire off the gun." "Oh, yes," said Forney; "Benton is to fire off the gun." "Then you are gone coons," said I, "if Benton is in the fray." "Oh, oh!" said the President. "Oh, oh!" said Forney. "With that both departed, holding a handkerchief apiece to their eyes. "Oh, oh!" said the President. "Oh, oh!" said Forney. "Thus am I situated, Mr. B. The afternoon has passed. I have my funds, but the instructions are to be sent after me. The fact is, the President don't half like to have me go. If you don't hear further from me by this mail, consider I am gone."

The Man Who Nominated Frank Pierce.
LIKE THE ANGELS.—"Why! you would have me like the angels?" exclaimed a young girl with whom a friend had been talking. "Truly we would have woman like the angels. And why not? Is it any harm to be like an angel? We read that they are very beautiful—full of love, truth, pity, compassionate, sinless. Are these forbidding traits? Angels stand not each other. They have no circles in their glorious home where characters are picked to pieces. Angels never wrangle, the face with smiles when envy is gnawing the very heart-strings in twain. Angels never rejoice over the downfall of another. Angels are not with the eye. Angels suffer not passion to paint the brow dark with discontent and hatred."

Would you not wish, eventually, to become an angel? Or does this thought never enter with the multitude that cross the mind's threshold? Why not prepare, then, for this high destination? Why not discipline the thoughts, and beautiful in good deeds? Cultivate your affections, be pure in thought, gentle in spirit. Banish forever deception, evil speaking, inordinate love of pleasures! Why not become, as near as may be, angels on earth! Ah! young ladies, believe us when we tell you there is no harm in striving to be like angels.

TEMPERANCE GIN.—The Providence Journal tell a very good anecdote for a strict temperance party. The town of Exeter, R. I., had a very close election for Selectmen, &c., in which temperance was the moving question, and just before the close of the polls five voters of the anti Maine law stripe arrived in a wagon, and as they proved the balance of power, desperate means had to be resorted to. Consequently, the leader of the temperance party stepped forth and offered two gallons of gin to the squad if they would vote his ticket. The offer was accepted, and the two gallons of gin elected a temperance board of town officers.

WHAT PRESIDENT PIERCE HAS DONE.—At a social meeting at the house of a democratic Senator in Washington, one day last week, some of the company were speaking rather contemptuously of President Pierce. Senator Seward, who was present, said: "You are wrong, gentlemen, to speak disparagingly of President Pierce; he has done one thing which none of you could have accomplished."

"What is that?" was demanded on all sides. "Why," replied Seward, "he has given dignity to the administration of John Tyler, by the contrast of his own."

DEATH OF AN OLD PRINTER.—It is with sincere regret that we announce this morning the death of Mr. F. Conwell, which occurred rather suddenly last evening about seven o'clock. Mr. Conwell has been for some years an old member of the Typographical Union of this city, and at one time was foreman of the composing room of this journal, and afterwards filled the same responsible situation in the office of one of our Savannah contemporaries. For the last few years, however, he has been in business as a Book and Job Printer in this city.

Mr. Conwell for some time has been declining health, and was to have sailed this day in the Tennessee for Baltimore, in the hope that his native air—having been born on the Eastern shore of Maryland—might be of service to him. As a practical printer, Mr. Conwell had few superiors, and by the craft and all who knew him, was much respected.—*Charleston Courier.*

DEATH FROM FLOWING.—A bright and interesting little girl, about eight years of age, died on Monday last in the village of Newark, from convulsions, brought on by excessive exertions in "jumping the rope." She was competing with several of her school companions, in this exercise, who were endeavoring to out-do each other in endurance. She jumped four hundred times in succession, and until entirely overcome by the long-continued exertions. The child was taken home incoherently, but the movement of muscles of the limbs, as in jumping, continued without cessation forty-eight hours, until the sufferer was released from her painful exercise by death.—*Rock Drm.*

The word Czar, more properly Tsar, belongs to the Slavonian tongue, and is found in books written long before the time of the Grand Dukes. The name of Belisarius is evidently a Greek modification of the two Russ words *velikar* meaning "Great Captain."

MONEY, THE SINEWS OF WAR.—War cannot be prosecuted very successfully without abundance of money and heavy taxation.—Great Britain always enjoys the latter blessing without the Government having the former advantage. Hence the war is already beginning to drain the resources of the government, and as it begins to bear heavily upon the Bank of England, there is a great deal of restiveness on the part of the financial agents of that institution, who are discussing the question, how far the bank may loan the Government coin with justice to its other creditors. This is a difficulty which will increase with the duration of the war. Nicholas is determined to make the war expensive to his adversaries, and by retiring within his own territories he can compel them to incur all the expense of large armies and fleets, without deriving much advantage from their use. It will cost them more to watch him for months, than it will to fight him; hence, they are for decisive battles and a quick campaign, while he is for avoiding pitched battles, and prolonging the war. When he has exhausted the allies, he can renew with greater hopes of success his efforts against the Turks. This shows how pertinent is the discussion in England, whether the war will be a short one or not. It has a most important bearing upon the financial affairs of that kingdom, affecting not only its own commercial interests, but those of other countries intimately connected with them in trade and business.

On Tuesday last a meeting was held in Cincinnati, of persons engaged in the manufacture of whiskey. Twenty-three manufacturers' establishments were represented, most of them in Ohio, although a portion of them are in Kentucky and Indiana. The twenty-three establishments represented consumed 14,058 bushels of corn and other grains daily, which is rising four millions a year, and manufacture about ten millions of gallons of whiskey annually. One establishment alone consumes about 1,440 bushels of grain daily, and employs over fifty coopers in making barrels. God almighty what a traffic!

LITTLE THORNS.—The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved, often draws the blood from many a heart which would defy the battle axe of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face, familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns, which, though men of rougher form make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn in their journey through life, and make their traveling irksome and unpleasant.

FEMALE LOVELINESS.—Female loveliness never appears to so good advantage as when set off with simplicity of dress. No actress ever decks his angels with towering feathers and gaudy jewelry and our human angels, if they would make good their title to that name, should carefully avoid ornaments, which properly belong to Indians and African princes.—These trinkets may serve to give effect on the stage, or upon a ball-room floor, but in daily life there is no substitute for simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be distinguished by gold and diamonds.

MOVEMENTS OF MATT WARD.—We have already noticed the arrival of Matt Ward and brother at Cannell, Indiana. They had been in the town but a short time before, as we learn from the *Hawesville Eagle*, a committee of citizens waited upon them and desired them to leave the place. Thereupon they went to Judge Huntington's some distance in the country; and afterwards took passage on the *Eclipse* for Arkansas. When the steamer reached Henderson a large crowd collected on the wharf and ordered the captain to be off with his boat cargo.

EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA.—The Richmond Whig argues the necessity for adopting a more efficient system of education in that State. It says: "Every decade exhibits a rapid and fearful increase of this mass of ignorance. In 1840, the number of the unlettered in Virginia amounted to 60,000. In 1850 it exceeded 80,000. At this rate, it will not require many centuries to extinguish all knowledge of letters in the State."

The surest way to fill a private apartment, whether in a printing office, a cotton factory, or a sausage shop, with visitors, is to place over the door a placard, bearing the inscription, "No admittance." No person ever read that prohibition over an entrance without instantly being attracted by an ungovernable desire to rush right in.

LUCKY YIELD FROM PLOWING.—A colored man, while plowing on the farm of Mr. S. H. Hester, about a mile from Richmond, Va., struck on an old iron pot containing a number of Mexican dollars, amounting, it is said, to \$150 or \$200. The deposit of this treasure was said to have been made by an old man named James Housen, a creole, who was possessor of this farm for several years previous to 1819.

The Portsmouth Tribune thinks a "wife, and a child or two," the safest and best capital with which a man can start in business. We once knew a man, who started in business in this way, and he came out twelve children ahead. Still the theory looks as if it might work.

A man who lived in society, said his acquaintances would fill a cathedral, but that the pulpit would hold his friends.

Solomon took an inventory of the world and all the best things in it; he cast up the amounts and the sum total was vanity.

A RAIL ROAD SPEECH.

Mister Feller Citizens:—I feel on the present occasion a rumbling commotion within my dilapidated constitutional work-box to go ahead or collapse my intestinal combustibility. Something kin to the revolutionary spirit of my forefathers has been shooting thro' my corporal machinery, bidding me in tones of thunder to keep my eye skinned. Fellers! having gone through a preliminary dissertation, I will come to the question under consideration: (Cheers and clapping by the bystanders.) Fellers, when you get through that demon strata acceptability of my profound loquaciousness, I will further dissect the subject!

Order having been observed he commenced: "The question before you are the railroad or not. I am personally, individually, and generally for the rail road, the whole road and nothing but the road. I go the whole hog or nothing—pig tail, bristles and all. I was not born in the woods to be skinned by a crick, ignis fatuus, a latin phraseology, which being translated into English mean, to Mulchieddie, means Jack and lantern.—(Laughs.) Fellers, when you get through that demon strata acceptability of my profound loquaciousness, I will further dissect the subject!"

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Think, fellers, of a mighty steam engine in a gallop, with ears for folks to set in, chained together with Gibraltar power and Herculean strength, well may the hair raise on end when we take a retrospective view of its coming in contact with an ox team. Oh, the awful smothering that would take place should they come in juxtaposition!

Fellers! I would further examine this heterogeneous question, but I have already used up the English and Latin language, and feel too dry in the breathing lungmatic and anatomical organs to proceed. (Cheers.) Fellers, I feel gratified for the good order and kindness exhibited on this occasion—you will now form yourselves into a hollow square preparatory to licensing. Dick, you and Jim hand round the jug.

THE NEW THREE DOLLAR GOLD PIECES.—New York, May 3.—Specimens of the new three dollar gold pieces, just issued from the mint, are exhibited on Wall street to-day.—They are beautifully executed, the front has an Indian head with a feathered crown, with the words "United States of America" round it. The reverse has the words "Three Dollars" within a wreath of wheat, corn, oak leaves, and acorn, and the date of issue. The first issue from the mint will be made on Saturday next, when six thousand will be sent to Washington.

Should a person's follies make him rich, he is called a man of talent. Should they entail poverty on him however it is set down as a judgement of heaven.—Fools never think that Providence meddles with their affairs, till they see the Sheriff after them. Sickness we always set down as a visitation of divine goodness. Our health we attribute to some cobbler who makes water proof boots.

A man named Tom Barnes was whipping his wife and daughter last night near town when one Frank Saunders interfered to prevent it. Barnes made at Saunders with a bowie knife, when the latter jumped aside, and Barnes falling over a stump stuck the knife in the lower part of his abdomen, and he is now lying at the point of death. Some fears are entertained of his recovery.—*Smithland Post.*

That's the world! Fears should be entertained of the recovery of such a monster.—To hope for his recovery ought to be a Penitentiary offence.

Col. Benton is a candidate for re-election to Congress from the district now represented by him.

SURPRISING.—The Lynchburg Republican puts in a plea for the legalizing of duelling, on the ground that it is the "mildest form" which the resentment of insult has ever assumed.

It is ascertained in France, it is said, beyond a doubt, that the vine and potato disease is caused by the presence of small insects of the order of the "hemipteres-kompteres," of a species very similar to ground-lice.

A terrible explosion occurred at a coal pit near Richmond, Va., on the 15th inst., caused by leaks from old fire lamps, by which nineteen men were killed and one shockingly injured. Several explosions had occurred before in the same pit, which was six hundred feet deep.

SILVER FACED TYPE.—Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper, now edited by Douglas Jerrold, announces that it will soon be printed with silver faced type. Electroplating the type with silver seems a novelty. The patentees are Orchard & Greening, of London.